The Two Wives of Napoleon Bonaparte. The two books respectively entitled The Wife of the First Consul and The Happy Days of Marie Louise, by M. IMPERT DE SAINT-AMAND (Scribners), are fragments of an extended parrative. The married life of Napoleon's first wife did not negin with the Consulate, nor did that of his second consort end, like the second of these volumes, in the year 1812. It ts, indeed, the author's purpose to devote four additional volumes to the subsequent chapters of the story of Maris Louise and of her Hisfated con, the Duke of Reichstadt. A knowledge of her later life, however, is much less needed to explain the marriage of the Austrian Arch-duchess to Napoleon and the nature of the feelings with which she regarded the Embeings with the early life of Josephine to throw light upon the tie that bound to her the man made, through her influence over Barras, the General of the Army of Italy. In reading the author's comments on the divorce of which Josephine was the victim, it is well to remember that but for her Bonaparte would in all likelihood have missed the opportunity, of which he was to make so much, even if he had not yielded to his avowed inclination to seek relief in suicide from desti-

tution and hope deferred. M. de Saint-Amand has undoubtedly made some entertaining volumes, but whether the impressions conveyed by them are historically correct is a different question. He professes, indeed, to have drawn his materials at first hand from the memoirs of Bourrienne, Méneval. Miot de Melito. Roederer, Ségur, Thibaudeau. Marmont, Lavalette, the Duchess of Abrantes, and Mme. de Rémusat. From the latter, however, he quotes with circumspection, and in general it may be said that he reproduces othing calculated to damage the Napoleonia legend. The author has the complaisant pen of an official historiographer or laureate, and the base and vulgar side of the Napoleonic regime is sedulously concealed. No reader of the first volume, for example, would suspect how notoriously disreputable were the early years of Napoleon's married life with Josephine. It is not history, in other words, that such books as these present to us. but a partial, partisan, and rose-colored view of history. Bearing this qualification in mind, however, we can find much to interest us in these volumes. All that is needed is to disregard the author's personal deductions and opinions and confine ourselves to the statements of fact that rest on trustworthy authority.

I. There is no doubt that the happiest hours in the checkered life of Josephine were passed at Malmaison, the simple country house which she had organized on the model of the Petit Trianon. As yet her husband was only First Consul; the empire and the longing for an beir that would come with it were still in the unveiled future. The Duchess of Abrantès gives a description of the life at Malmaison in which she liked to take a part. "There was nothing." she says. "more delightful than a ball at Maimaison at which the women who composed what was really though without the name. Mme. Bonaparte's court were present. All were young, many were pretty; and when they were dressed in their white crape gowns, car rying flowers and wearing garlands as fresh as their young, laughing faces, radiant with gayety and happiness, it was delightful them dancing in the hall, in which were the First Consul and the men with whom he was welghing the fate of Europe." Bourrienne says, recurring to the same memories: "Away from the cares of government which, so far as possible, we lost behind us at the Tuileries, we were sometimes very happy in our colony of Malmaison; and then we were young, and what does not youth beautify?" He adds, recalling the drawing rooms: "There the conversation was most animated and varied; and I may say with truth that gayety and freedom were the roul of the conversation and made its whole charm. There were refreshments of every sort, and Josephine did the honors with such grace that every one could feel that she had been more occupied with him than with any one else." It was from Malmaison that Josephine wrote to her mother, who had stayed in Martinique: "You ought to love Bonaparte; kind, amiable, in a word, a charming man," It was, we may remird the reader, to Malmalson that Josephine returned when she was driven from the Tuileries, and here she draw

There are several pen portraits of Josephine as she looked in 1803, when she was 40 years old. Let us glance first at the sketch made by Louise drawn at the date of the betrothal for Mme, de Remusat, who was Josephine's lady-in-waiting, and who remained with her after sador at Vienna: "Every one agrees that the the divorce. "Without being exactly pretty," she says, "her whole appearance had a peculiar charm. Her features were delicate and barmonious; her expression was gentle; her is liked by all at court, and is spoken of as a mouth, which was very small, did not disclose her teeth, which were not good; she disguised the brownness of her complexion with the aid of rouge and powder; her figure was perfect. her limbs were delicate and graceful; every movement was graceful, and of no one could it be said more truthfully than of her that her grace was more beautiful than beauty. She lessed with great taste and graced what she wore; and, thanks to these advantages and her constant attention to dress, she escaped being effaced by the beauty and youth of the many women who surrounded her." Valets are proverbially inapt to take optimistic views of their employers, but Napoleon's first valet, Constant, describes Josephine in a highly culogistle vein. "She was." he says, "of medium | her figure was perfectly regular; the waist of height and very well made. All her movements were light and graceful, so that her walk was almost flitting, yet without losing the majesty expected of a queen. Her expressive counte- ing was deepened by her journey and her nance varied with her emotions, and yet it alwaysiretained the charming sweetness which was its main characteristic. Happy or unhappy she was a beautiful object. No woman ever more thoroughly proved the truth of the statementithat the eyes are the mirror of the soul. Her own were dark blue, and almost always half hidden by her long lids, which were slighty arched and bordered by the most beautiful lashes in the world, so that they had an irremistible charm. Her hair was beautifully long and silky. In the morning she liked to wear a red turban, which gave her a most piquant ereole air." Apropos of her soft voice he adds: How often it happened that I. like a good and many others, would stop on hearing this voice, simply for the pleasure of listening to it." are told that she read well, and that Napoleon preferred her to all his readers.

sort as far as it went. It would be unjust to hold her responsible for the excesses of Napoleon's ambition. Had she been able she would doubtless have put a drag on the charlot in which at the beginning of his career sho helped to piace him." When at St. Helena the facts of the past were seen in true perspective. Napoleon did justice to his first wife. I gained battles," he said, "Josephine gained me hearts. She was the most loving and best of women." And again: "It was neces-sary for me, and would have made me happy. not merely from the point of view of politics, but in my domestic life, to have had a son by Josephine. The political result would have been that I should still be on the throne, for the French would have been as devoted to it as ther were to the King of Rome, and I should not have set foot in the flowery abyss which was my ruin. Then think of the wisdom of buman plans, and dare to call a man happy or unhappy before his death."

There is no doubt that had Napoleon listened to Josephine he would not have put to death the Due d'Enghlen, an incident which, as Thiers has pointed out, was the main cause of a third general war and the inspiration of the successive conditions to which at last the Emperor succumbed. Josephine said to Bourrienne, in presence of Mme de Rémusat, on the day after the execution of the Duke: " Ah, what a terrible misfortune! At any rate no one can say that it was my fault, for I did everything I could to turn him from this project. He had not said anything to me about it, but you know how I read him, and he admitted everything. He was indifferent to all my prayers. I hung about his neck, I clasped his knees. Mind your own affairs. he shouted in anger, 'This is not a woman's business." She added with emotion, "What must people think in Paris! I am sure that every one must be cursing him; for here, even his flatterers seem downcast when they are out of his presence. Ever since yesterday we have been very much depressed. And he You know what he is, when he is not satisfied with himself and yet tries to seem so; no one dares to speak to him, and we are all in deen gloom." Her instinct was right in this matter. It would have been better for Napoleon had he allowed her to make the Enghien affair a woman's business.

It is well known that after Napoleon had de-cided upon divorcing Josephine he long hesitated as to the selection of a second wife. Should be take a Saxon Princess, a Russian Grand Duchess or a daughter of the Hapsburgs? We can now see that the fate of the empire hung upon his choice. Cambacérès, one of his wisest councillors, was strongly in favor of an alliance with Russia, and had his advice been followed the fatal Russian campaign of 1812 would in all likelihood have not taken place. But the Corsican adventurer. who had known what it was to stand within a hair's breadth of starvation, and whose ob-

scure youth and roung manhood had been

passed in sight of the pageant of the ancien

11.

regime, was inebriated at the thought of marrying a grandniece of Marie Antoinette. Marie Louise, the daughter of her Emperor Francis II. by Marie Therese, a Neapolitan princess, was a little more than 18 years old when she was married to the Emperor Napoleon in 1810. As she told Gen. de Trobriand long afterward at Venice, she considered herself sacrificed to the political interests of her family, and the fact must be borne in mind when we recall the facility with which she consoled herself for her first husband's misfortunes by a second and third marriage. Metternich has recounted the brief interview in which, at the bidding of the Emperor Francis, he laid before the young Archduchess the French Emperor's proposal. Marie Louise listened calmly, and after a moment's reflection asked: "What are my father's wishes?" "The Emperor." replied the Minister, "has commissioned me to ask your imperial Highness what decision she means to take in a matter concerning her whole life. Do not ask what the Emperor wishes; tell me what you yourself wish." But the Hapsburg princesses are too well trained to avail themselves of such ostensible defference to their predilections. "I wish only," answered Marie Louise, "what my duty commands me to wish. When the interests of the emplre are at stake he makes your daughter very happy; he is they must be consulted, not my feetings. Beg of my father to regard only his duty as a sovereign, without subordinating it to my personal

> 18, if we can accept it as having been literally reported by Metternich. Now let us look at the portrait of Marie Archduchess combines with a very amiable disposition sound sense and all the qualities that can be given by a careful education. She model of gentleness and kindness. She has a fine bearing, yet it is perfectly simple; she is modest without shyness; she can converse very well in many languages, and combines affability with dignity. As she acquires familiarity with the world, which is all very new to her. her fine qualities will doubtless develop further and endow her whole being with even more grace and interest. She is tall and well made, and her health is excellent. Her features seemed to me regular and full of sweetness," There is too much caution and restraint in this official delineation. We get a more vivid impression of the young Archduchess from a description by Baron as Moneval: "Marie Louise had all the charm of youth; her dress was rather longer than was gener-ally worn at that time, and contrasted favorably with the short waists of our ladies; her color timidity; her fine and thick hair of a light chestnut set off a fresh full face, to which her gentle eyes lent a very attractive expression; her lites, which were a little thick, recalled the type of the Austrian imperial line, just as a slightly aquiline nose distinguishes the Bourbon princes; her whole appearance expressed candor and innocence; and her plumpness, which she lost after the birth of her son, indi-cated good health." As to her bearing at the court of Napoleon we have the following testimony from the same witness: "The Empress was affable, simple, and unpretentious. Possibly the memory of Josephine's charm earnest desire to please was a misfortune to Marie Louise. Her reserve have been attributed to German might family pride, but that would have been a mistake; no one was ever simpler or

to pay for it on the spot. But both were kind. gentle, and devoted to their husband." As regards the comparison here drawn, it will be suggestive to point out that Napoleon's first wife was twenty-eight years older than the second, and that whereas the former, tefora she married Bonaparte and for some years afterward, had an experience certain to deteriorate the character, the latter's pre-nuptial training was as careful as if she had been brought up in a convent. Neither do the facts sustain the assertion that both were devoted o their husband. Their devotion, at all events, did not bear the strain of absence or misfortune. How faithful Josephine was to Bonaparte during his absence in Egypt, was well known to his brothers, and they did not hesitate to divulge the truth on Bonaparte's return to l'aris. As to Marie Louise, at the very time when Napoleon was paying the above-quoted tribute to her character, she was living in quasi-connubial relations with Count Neip perg, whom she married as soon as she heard of the death of the great exile at St. Helena.

It seems that in the first year of her marriage Maria Louisa was jenious of the divorced Josephine, and that one day, when she heard that Napoleon had made a visit to his first wife she was seen to shed tears for the first time since her arrival in France. But after the birth of ther son her jealousy vanished. It is said that she would often take the child and his nurse to the Emperor, and that, while the would enter, carrying the child in her arms. but always afraid that she might drop him. The account of Napoleon's behavior with his son, given by M. de Meneval. exhibits the Emperor in an amiable light. We are told that when Napoleon wanted to try some new combinations of troops, he used to set out on the floor little mahogany blocks of different lengths, representing regiments and divisions. "Sometimes," sars De. Méneval. "we used to find him seriously occupied in arranging these blocks, rehearsing one of the man cuvres with which he was to triumph on the battlefield. The boy seated at his side, delighted with the shape and color of the blocks, which reminded him of his toys, would stretch out his hand every minute and disturb the order of battle, often at the decisive moment, when the enemy was about to be beaten. but the Emperor was so cool and so considerate of his son that he was not disturbed by the confusion introduced into his mancuvres, but he would begin again, without annoyance, to arrange the blocks. His patience and his kindness to the boy were inexhaustible."

On Jan. 25, 1814. Napoleon saw Marie Louise and his son for the last time. She could not have joined him at Elba had she wished to do so, and that she wished may be doubted, when we remember that in 1814 she had already seen the man, Count Neipperg, who was to make her forget her duty to her husband. Her second marriage was a shock to France, or at least that part of it which recognized the greatness of Napoleon, but still more odium was excited by her third marriage to a M. de Bombelles, a self-expatriated Frenchman in the Austrian service. She could not more clearly demonstrate that she failed to apclearly demonstrate that she failed to appreciate the honor of having been the wife of the foremost man of modern times.

These books are well translated—so well that it seems a pity the translator's skill should not be applied to a work of more substantial value, such, for example, as the history upon which M. Taine is engaged. M. de Saint-Amand has given us a pretty piece of literary confectionery which will serve well enough to while away a leisure hour. It is, however, to the searching and mercliessly impartial investigations of M. Taine that we must look for an accurate conception of Napoleon Bonaparte, as well in his domestic relations as on the military and political side of his unparalleled career.

M. W. H.

RUSSIAN STUDENTS IN PARIS.

Subject-Oatmenl and Lurd a Filling Dish, The Paris papers are giving a minute description of the Russian student's life in that city The picture is rather gloomy, but the details

are worked out well enough for a study. At the present time the Russian colony fr Paris includes about one hundred and fifty students, male and female, and about thirty They live with the most rigid refugees. economy, for their resources are very limited. Twelve to twenty dollars a month may be considered as the average of their income, out of which they have to pay for their terms; and moreover there is an onerous discount on the paper money which they receive from Russia. From this it is easy to see that interests." This was certainly a remarkable they are obliged to endure considerable privaanswer to a marriage proposal from a girl of tions, and consequently they are forced to make their headquarters in la Glacière. Saint

make their headquarters in la Glacière, Saint Victor, and Croulebarbe, where the facilities of cheap living are abundant.

When a student or a refugee arrives he notices his countrymen. There is a society among them to which the new comer applies, with its help he is enabled to find a lodging, which costs from \$15 to \$25 a year. He brings along with him his furniture, which consists of skins and bed clothing. If he is rich, comparatively, he buys a trunk, some straw, and a bed. If he has not sufficient means to procure these luxuries, he does without and a bed. If he has not sufficient means to procure these luxuries, he does without them, and sleeps on the floor, like Mile. Eroquine and many others, patiently waiting until he can save up, cent after cent, enough to buy a bed. If he is completely destitute he is placed with another comrade equally embarrassed, whose home and misery he shares. It is not a rare thing to find among them.

n roommates, men or women, who pay from \$10 a year for their apartments. them roommates, men or women, who payfrom \$\frac{8}{10}\$ to a year for their apartments.

In food the Russian student is also extremely economical. He eats black bread and cabbage. Meat is a luxury which he enjoys only once a week. The quality of his food troubles him little: quantity with him is the main object. Therefore he fills himself with cheap stale bread, including the refuse crusts of the restaurants. When he is able to have a more substantial meal he goes to one of the Russian boarding houses, where he gets the actional dishos at a cheap enough rate. The most important of these establishments is the Students Restaurant kept by M. Koch in the Rue de la Glaujero. It is in the rear of the building, is clean and spacious, but there is, of course, no evidence of luxury in it. The gardens of a religious community can be seen from it, and the sight refrestes the poor students, sometimes almost worn out by bard students, represented the start of the start refrestes the poor students, sometimes almost worn out by bard students, sometimes almost worn out by bard students, sometimes almost worn out by bard students, the terminal transfer and the start restrictions the poor students, sometimes almost worn out by bard students, the terminal transfer and the start restrictions the poor students, sometimes almost worn out by bard students, the content of the start restrictions and the start restrictions and the start restrictions are started to the start restrictions are started to the started transfer and transfer and transf munity and to seen from it, and the sight refrestes the poor students, sometimes almost worn out by hard study in their garrets, with little light and less sir. This restaurant has about oighty customers. There is only one meal a day, the dinner, which for some begins at noon and for others at 3 in the afternoon. The price of each dish never exceeds twenty centimes, and the entire menu costs about fourteen cents. Those who come to dine a la carte and have no cash write down in a book the amount of their debts at the end of each meal, and pay when their money arrives.

Another restaurant of this kind is in the Rue Flatters. In this, as in the other one, the dish which forms the main portion of the daily mean is kacka (contined and lard). For a Parislan palace this seems rather tough; but it is very filling stuff, and for four cents a student can have enough of it to last him for twenty-four hours.

When the Russian student finishes his course of studies and becomes a doctor, he will go anywhere under the sun to seek his fortune. of studies and becomes a doctor, he will go any-where under the sun to seek his fortune.

might for the pleasure of listening to; it." We are obtained as the red well, and that Napoleon preferred her to all his readers.

As to the singular amiability of Josephine there is no lack of evidence. Mile, Avrillon, for example, sars: "There was only non opinion about the exquisite kindness of Mme. Bonaparte. Instances were abundant, and there was no limit to the educities of her many admirable qualities. She was extremely affinite with all who were about her; I do not believe that there ever was as woman who made her high station less percentible." On the same point we have the occount touthney of Mme, de licture has been attributed to General and the extreme kindenses. We now an window and draws that the very long attributed to general and the extreme kindenses. We now a structure, and there was no limit to the educities of her many admirately with the part she had to play loose an instake; no one was ever simpler or learning to be a hunthy. He natural timidity and he had to play loose an instake; no one was ever simpler or learning to be a hunthy. He natural timidity and her and there was no limit to the educities of her many and time and there was not hard there was a transmitted educines. It is a direct that the extreme kinds and draws the hard to red hard the part she had to play loose and history with the part she had to play loose and history with the part she had to play loose and history with the part she had to play loose and history with the part she had to play loose and history with the part she had to play loose and history with the part she had to play loose and history with the part she had to play loose and history with the part she had to play loose and history with the part she had to play loose and history with the part she had to play loose and history with the part she had to play loose and history with the part she had to play loose and history with the part she had to play loose and history with the part she had to play loose and history with the part she had to play loose and histo A New Method of Artificial Respiration.

POEMS WORTH READING

In the Sanctuary. We sit together in the new.

Drawn from the week-day world away;
The lesson o'er, the sermon through,

Close side by side we kneel to pray. Then rise, as loud from pipe and reed The swelling organ notes ascend, and banded maiden voices lead The music onward to the end.

Low banding near I hold her book, Though little heed I pay to it; Her voice, a timid warbling brook, Lures all my thoughts away to it Above all others. One is known Who wall deserves the name of Friends Beyond a brother's love is shown His love, free, costly, without end,"

Sweet is that sweeping choral tide. And throboing sweet those organ chords; But sweeter far than all beside Sound Lucy's gentle, sainted words. Pitched soft and meek, her trustful tone Gives to my life a notice trend:
"Above all others, One is known
Who well deserves the name of Friend."

The people next us do not hear The burden of that still small voice: And yet it bids me plain and clear To make this childlike soul my choice And sudden vearnings rise intense. And filly with her singing blend, hat some day, in a human sense I may become—her more than friend. JOHN DOBLAND CREWER.

A Combine. From the Overland Monthly. She came here from the middle West And yet she had, he it confessed, A Boatum air around her. A flaure slight, a forchead high, An earnest look, a clear gray eye, And so for her I came to sigh. And wise and charming found her. But as to press my suit I came. Full oft she smothered all my flame By asking curious questions:
e wrongs of woman, the state and land,
hat so ital changes iben planned,
o'd ask me to discuss officed
And give her my suggestions.

Did I agree with Henry George!
Would selfah capital digorge
The share that toil demanded!
How could the indigent be fed!
Should criminals be allowed to wed?
Did tariffs raise the price of bread!
She begged me to be candid. And when the race at last had gained. The highest point to be attained The highest point to be attained by growth or revolution. What would the last great victory be. The final goal that men should see? What did Utopia mean for me: The end of evolution?

And as I heard I grew more damed.
Until at last, my courage raised
To utter desperation:
"I topic useans for me." I said.
"The social contract when we wed.
Well form a trast." She shook her head:
"Call is cooperation."

Change S. Gas CHARLES S. GREENS

The Song of the Sea. From Belford's Magazine. Their world was a world of enchantment;
A wonder of luminous light
Came out with a faring of carmine.
From all the black spaces of night:
The music of morn was as bithesoms
And cheery as music could be.
But all through the dawn and the daybreak
I mourned for the song of the sea.

They showed me the marvellous flowers
And fruits of their sun beaten lands;
They said, "Heye are vine tangled valleys;
Forset ye the barren white sands;
For a weariness unto the spirit.
The dash of the breakers must be;
So dwell ye beated our bine waters;
Forget the sad song of the sea."

And I wrapped me about in the sunlight,
Un the marge of a dimping stream,
And there in a tangle of libra.
I wove me a wonderful dream;
And a song from my dreaminad went floating
Far up where the angles must be,
But deep in its under wheritins
I heard the sweet song of the sea.

With the dew in his locks all a glitter.
The Frince of the Daytime lay dead;
For the aliver white lance of the twilight
Smote off the gold crown from his head;
And the Frincess of Night came to see him,
Her lights all about him to hang;
And a nightingale screened in the thicket
lite song to the slumberer sang.

And the stream from the tangle of littles.

Lame winding its way through the sedge;
And a silvery necturn it rippie!

Among the tail flags on its edge;
But its bable I fain would have given
For the sleep wooing sea voices [in].
And the nightinguis song would have barrenec
For a desoiate cry of a guil.

Their world was a world of enchantment:
And they laughed with the laughter of scorn,
When I turned me away from its leastly
In the light of the immenss morn:
But I heard a grand voice in the distance
Insistently calling to me.
And I rose with a jubilant spirit And I rose with a jubilant spirit
And followed the song of the sea HASBURY WHITERY.

Gone to Meet Hits Coustn. From the Harvard Lampoon. Prom the Harround Lampoont.

Sure we wint out furter race, hie and Fathrick Mortarity.

Av She byes as wor from Congan strate to Delehanty Disc.

An She wor a boomterara.

An she wor a boomterara.

But she had a little wakeness for a satillo an her seide;

An Dan Brogan, "in the wather we will be."

But Ol toold the durty spainane from Culloonan their he loid.

Just thin the wind it gave a poof.

An' av sail we had enough.

An' she shpilled us in the wather widout a single crack;
But down tenathe the say.

About twint molles away.

about twinty molles away, sin, nan McGinty, ridin' an a lobster's bac

Dinlect. From the Chicago Herald. Once there lived a country lad Wiss an evil habit had: Verses wrote he good and had. Not a few. When he took the madness trat. keldom into rhyme ne burst. But the malady accorsed On him grew.

Soon the lad, once flush and hale, 'Gan to sadden and to fail, 'Gan to grow distrught and pale, 'And to roam Through the fields with dreamy look Poring over nature's book: Reading sky and mrad and brook Like a tome. Then his verses waxed apace. In oldwarphy and grace.
Till each poem seemed a vase
Till each poem seemed a vase
Filled with nowers;
Bluebelt, rose, and volet.
Culled from mountain rivulet,
Or from meadows fragrant vet
After showers.

In them thrushes seemed to sing.
Bees went by on rapid wing.
Giver fields were blossoning.
Cover fields were blossoning.
And moreover, through and through.
All this some were sweet and true.
Thrilled with love of what he knew
And had seen.

But alsa, the love of praise in the bard began to clare, To a magazine his lays Back they came in course of time. And his friends said, "Twee a crime Should he write another rhymn," He has falled."

But our poet's will was strong:
He rewrote and apelied them wrong.
And the grainmar in each some
Simply wrecked.
And those songs and more beside
All were bought and conted wide—
Dialect:
Groups H GROBER HORROR

The Atlantus Tree. Unloved and lonely one, I cherish thee

Thou art a stranger, and they gradge thee room in stony court and street. Thy pungent bloom Hangs sunburnt, all unanught of bird or bea-Nour sings thee save some minor muse like me; And yet, smid the city's dust and gloom, Spring after spring, thou wakest in thy tomb. Bourgeoning, rejoicing, O atlantus tree.

No kindred hast thou in our sturdy wood, For thou art Orient blooded, leaved, and boughed. Thy harsh environment, perchance thy mood I share, though not with thy brave heart endowed Let others, then, their special favorites shrine: Montus, gentle stoic, thou art mine.

After the Fourth of July. e put him to bed in his little nightgown, The worst battered youngster there was in the town: Yet he said as he opened his only well eye: " Bah. 'rah, for the jolly old Fourth of July!"

Two thumps and eight fingers with lint were tied up, On his head was a tump like an upside down cup.
And his smile was distorted, his nose all awry.
From the joys of the glorious Fourth of July. We were glad; he had started abroad with the sun.

and all day he had lived in the powder and fun.
White the boom of the cannon roared up to the sky,
To salute young America's Fourth of July. I said, we were glan all the pieces were there. as we plastered and bound them with tenderest care But out of the wreck came the words with a sigh "If to morrow was only the Fourth of July"

He will grow all together areis never fear.

and he ready to celebrate freedom next year; Meanwhile all his friends are most thankful there lies A crackeries tweivementh 'twist Fourth of Julys We have I him good night on his powder specked face. We laid his truised hands softly down in their place. And he murmired, as sleep closed his one open eye: "I wish every day was the Fourth of July

M. PHELPS DAVIOR.

THE TREASURE SHIP DE BRAAK. How Much Gold was Really Lost in Hert

The Story of the Wreek, Luwse, Del., June 21.-The statement printed in The Sun the other day to the effect that the Morritt Wrecking Company was going to begin a search for the treasure ship De Brank was mighty interesting reading to the people of this town, because everybody here has heard the story of the De Brank, and because the wealth of the Merritt Company makes a thorough search for the treasure certain.

The story of the loss of the ship, as told here. runs something like this In the latter part of the year 1797 Capt James Drew, an Irishman Tho and attained some celebrity as a fighting man in the British service, got a number of Portsmouth capitalists to fit out a brig called the De Brank for service as a privateer. A letter of marque was obtained from the Admiralty. and with a crew of thirty-eight men she sailed from Portsmouth in January, 1708. She was armed with twelve brass cannon chiefly six and nine pounders. She was commissioned to capture the property of the subjects of Napoleon and of their allies. Among the allies at that time were the Spanish, and Capt, Drew headed the De Braak for the Spanish West Indies. His ship is said to have had unusually good luck. He reached the Spanish Main early in March, and during the next six or eight weeks fell in with and captured a number of Spanish vessels, so that the De Brank became laden with plunder, and sailed away to discharge

cargo and realize on the investment. On June 10, 1798, the brig rounded Cape Henlopen and took on Pilot Andrew Allen. who was to show hor the way into Lewes Creek, which in those days was a considerable stream affording an excellent harbor. The pilot found every one in high spirits over the success of the cruise, and, incidentally, over the prospect of getting fresh meat and other supplies from the people of Lewes—a prospect which but few of them realized. It was a most beautiful day, with the waters of the bay dancing under a breeze that enabled the brig to carry everything. From topgallant studding sails to a triangular spritsall under the bowsprit, and she was just foaming along, when a little black cloud appeared in the west, about as big as a schooner's topsail. Such clouds often appear in June here and are always deadly. Pilot Allen saw it and told Capt. Drew to shorten asi quickly. Bold Capt. Drew sniffed. He had seen West India cyclones, and was a little cloud like that to scare him on a day in June? Capt. Drew held on, and Pilot Allen got well up to windward to prepare for a wetting. supplies from the people of Lewes-a prospect

Pilot Allen got well up to windward to prepare for a wetting.

The little black cloud came sailing along like a Henlopen eagle after a fishhawk, for it was carrying destruction under its wings—a regular little tornado. When it had arrived over the water, and Capt. Drew saw it lashing the bay into froth, he made haste to man the clewines and downhauls, but he was too late. The De Braak was knocked on her beam ends while yet the men were listening to the call to shorten sail, and down she sank, with all the plunder gathered by much fighting and bloodshed on the Spanish Main.

So the bold Capt. Drew and twelve men perished, and cautious Pilot Allen and the rost escaped to the mainland, where they gathered in the barrooms and began to tell what loads of treasure had gone down in the De Braak. And with each telling the quantity and the character of the treasure varied, and has continued to vary unto this day. It is not much of a story teller who now puts the amount at less than \$10,000,000, referring learnedly the while to documents now or file in the British Admiralty office. There are a few doubters however, and these think that if she had enough gold on board to have paid her crew \$1,000 each she was pretty well ballasted. They ride luc the idea of her having had a million of treasure or valuables of any kind. They say that the most famous treasure ship ever cautured from the Spanish was the contained twenty-set to me of allower, there exists the part of the cautification of the same of the same

THE CIVIL SERVICE IN INDIA. A Candidate for Office Writes a Test Essay on Influenza.

From the Hombing Gazette, Sen: As I am requested by your honor to write an essay on influenza, all I can say is that this infernal epidemic, which has fallen on our mother country like a great calamity, is caused by the concentrated efforts of minute bacus of the animal culic tribe of unforseen

our mother country like a great calanity, is caused by the concentrated efforts of minute bacus of the animaculus tribe of unforseen microscopical animal life.

Like the old plagues of Exynt, it is deteriorating in the extreme, carrying its enormous degenerating contamination through every household lamilies, not excepting your humble servant, who has suffered too much the details of fever in its augmented state with a pertinacity that would have done the heart of Euscaphilus good to have interviewed.

Notwithstanding, nevertheless I am now all square, your honor, enjoying salubrity of health hence my ability to write this hard subject matter. Aithough this infernal, inhuman disease is not dangerous except for the old decrepted one-foot-in-the-grave sort of paralytic people, yet is frought with too great after-consequences, such as pneumonia, bronchitis, catarrh, ether genus maner you see I am vorsed in a few Latin terms), causing hereby some care to be taken with ourselves afterward.

It is great pity your honor asked me to write such kind of great difficult, inexperienced task, no B. A. I am sure would be sprightly enough to attempt to undertake such eccentric task without purioning his intollectual faculties to the utmost tennision. Your honor will kindly excuse my writing to a greater length, sithough I could give much information on the statistic of this great and down-folling disease on hed with all items of fever and nose running all day and night, my wife is still suffering, but I am earnestly working the oracle with the Golds to minimise the malady by giving alms and all things to poor helpless begages asking much, from your humble servant who is at present greatly impocunious for want of job, two children besides wife and myself to feed and one more child coming soon ret unborn owing to me an energy between the process. and one more child coming soon ret unborn owing to wife stault. Hoping to be favored by your kind consideration.

THE SACRED OIL WELL.

Good Fortune That Has Given Birth to a New Boxology.

Pressulted Sin Trancisco Chronicis.

Presbyterian congregation is in luck and all its members promise to become rich through a strike in oil made on a low acres of ground surrounding the rickety old chapelcalled a church The site is located about sieven miles from Pittshurch, and is right in the centre of the new Grove oil fields.

For years beacon Beacon has been paster of the congregation, and it took the combined receipts from a lew acres of farming land, the district school, and the offerings of the small congregation to keen the goes man aive; but by good fortune the first chaped.

Three good oil producers have been struck during the past week, with an average output of about 1,000 barrels a day. This gives the church people a daily theome of \$126 from royalities in addition to a cash bonus.

Two new wells are teing sunk, which will increase the course income to \$1,500 a month. One of the new wolls have been dubled fill fundied; no attace of the following revised version of the new wolls have been dubled fill fundied; no acree of the following revised version of the lamiliar bymn when one of the driller. has tacked upon the deriles. From the San Francisco Chronicle,

France and from whom not blessings flow, France Him for putting oil below. France Him, ye driver give bearty thanks, France Him for the overflowing tanks.

A WONDERFUL LONDON SHOW.

the Blind Pupils of the Upper Norwood School and Their Exhibitions in the Great Agricultural Hall at Islington.

London, June 7.-This season a larger number of places of amusement have been open than ever before. We have three large galleries, the Academy, the Grosvenor, and the New Gallery, filled with pictures rarely good, mostly indifferent, and often very bad. We have three exhibitions, the African, very complete and interesting; the Military, very good though it is in spirit, the address which Weband instructive, with the bonne boucke of a balloon thrown in every Saturday; the French. as poor, unfinished, and unworthy of the nation it represents as can well be imagined. Hver it; third, that the fact that he was called but still possessing the old charm of those that preceded it at Earl's Court, and the new charm of the best Parisian restaurant bodily imported with its chef. wines, and waiters. We have daily meetings and celebrations for Stanley, the inauguration we expect the "Prisoner of Clairvaux," and a hundred things besides, so that it is hardly to be wondered that certain functions of a novel and exceedingly interesting character that took place last week at the Agricultural Hall should, however well attended, have hardly met with the notice they deserved.

Under the patronage of the Prince of Wales and the Presidency of Mr. Herbert Gladstone, the National Physical Recreation Society gave series of performances in the huge Islington Hall. The programme was as attractive as the name of the society is forbidding, and included a clever display by the Metropolitan Fire Brigade: the station by night, the plarm, a building on fire, the arrival of escapes and engines, the rescue of the inmates and extinction of the flames. The size of the arena afforded ample space for engines, while it allowed the excellence of the driving and sharp turning of corners to be appreciated; the correct and business-like bearing of the men engaged imparted an effect of reality, and did credit to Capt. Shaw, the chief of the brigade. by whose permission and that of the Lond n County Council they were allowed to appear.

There were of course exercises and gymnas tics as perfect in their separate branches as those of professional athletes and acrobats; a boxing competition, a trifle dull to the uninitlated portion of the audience, but enjoyed by the rest, and provoking the outspoken comments of "'Arry," who is always a councissour of the prize ring. He was lavish of his opinions and encouragements, urging the combatants to "go it," or inviting them cheerfully to "'It 'im." The last successful puglists were considerately reminded that they owned a left hand, and discretionary liberty was exercised as to laughter and derision. A fast and furious game of football followed, the players apparently enjoying it as much as the spectators, who were nover more delighted than when the 'leather" fell among them, a hundred hands being stretched out to return the ball. occasioning a little private scuffle in emulation of that in the arena. The Running Maze, in which 300 members of the National Physical Recreation and other societies joined, looked like a glorifled "Follow My Leader." dazzling, involved, labyrinthine, and breathless beyond description. But excellent of their kind as all these numbers of the programme were, they paled almost to insignificance before the great leature of the evening as supplied by the students of the Collego and Academy of Music for the Blind.

The college is at Upper Norwood, not far from the good old Crystal Palace. Some months back Lady Colin Campbell gave a soirited account in the World of a visit there under the guidance of Dr. Campbell, the Principal, himself bereit of signt. She could not speak too highly of the admirable arrangements of the establishment, or of the wonderfail results obtained alike in education and accomplishments; the reading, writing, singing. and breathless beyond description. But excel-

ments of the establishment, or of the wonderful results obtained alike in education and accomplishments; the reading, writing, similar,
amusements, and occupations of the sightless
inmates filled her with puzzled wonder.

Nevertheless, even those who have read this
most interesting of Ladytoin's many charming "Woman's Walks" were hardly prepared
for the exhibition of skill, dexterity, and accuracy of the students in the performances they
went through. There was not a single flaw in
the precision of movement, time, or drill,
tirls and boys alike went through their evolutions, their gymnastics, their high and low
jumps, their exercises on the horizontal bars,
their concerted and set pieces to the
sound of music, evincing neither lear
nor doubt. They have a healthy,
robust confidence in their powers, and learlessity obey a command they feet themselves
perfectly able to execute. Among other feats
eight of the students, at a word, formed themselves in a pyramit, standing on each other's
shoulders; at a second word, they dropped
gracefully to the ground. When the gymnasties ended a long tandem-chaped tricycle
for six riders was brought in followed by sevoral fours and twos, each steered by a
seeing person, the other riders being blind,
and they performed a series of intriente flaures and evontions, the "rear and they perior the a sories of intri-cate figures and evolutions, the "rear steerers" apparently as much at their case as the leaders, although it was evident that the slightest mistake in the manipulation of the handles would have re-sulted in a "spill." Even forewarned, the spesnot watching boys and girls in man of all their senses and having sian of all their senses and having learned to develop them to the utmost range of their pos-sibilities. It is quite as impossible to detect how they acquire their security and profidency, and what mysterious signals or communica-tion from mentors supplement the want of

sight.

Bright and happy enough does the blind contingent at the Agricultural Hall appear to the audiences that nightly visit them, and to the Prince of Wales, who twice during the week found time to do so as a proof of the lively in the state. found time to do so as a proof of the lively interest he takes in the society; bright and happy enough did Lady Colin find them at Norwood, "armed for the battle of life." she tails us, and, quoting once more the words of the sightless poet. "content though blind." They play and learn, work, ride, skate, swiin, bieyele, mould in clay, rear and tend flowers; they sing, and acquire manual dextority; they come forth and are the wonder and admiration of a satisfied and blasse public; they compute successfully with those whose oyes guide them; they do not look different from the other her-formers, and yet after a white a great sadness comes over thisse, who, unseen by them, watch and admire. What, in their innermost consciousness, is the aspect of that vast-oncourse of human belogs surrounding them in an amphitheatre of which they are the centre? Have they any conception, approaching the truth of phitheatre of which they are the centre? It they any conception approaching the truth the way they look, of the effect they produce the pageant in which they play a consider part? Can they consure up a picture of the floats of light tancy the thousands eyes with vision in them fixed their sightless once? Can the che and applause the only madiestations of providing that result that result that result that result that result that result they result and applicate the only missilestations of ap-proval that reach them convey the impres-sion of the raised hands, eager faces, and swaying bedies of the fellow creatures they have delighted, whom they confound in the one generic appellation of "sighted temple," without even knowing the full sense of the

With these mournful speculations in one's mint the exhibition of the National Physical Recreation Society leaves a deep and lasting impression. Impression.

The Musical Rocks of Stony Garden.

The Musical Rocks of Stony Garden.

Nearly a mile and a half from Top Rock, which is the highest point on the Haycock Mountains and within a mile of the little hambet of Danielsville, are the Bingling Rocks, as they are called by the Bircks county people, lears ago some one named this place the fingden of stones, and from that it has come to be known as Stony Garden. It is a barren waste of rocks, for all vereintion ceases allowed wat its edge, Not a trace of green is to be seen over the whole expanse, for not even moss grows on the Ringing Rocks.

During the past half conjunct the Stony Gardens have been frequently visited by fourists and scientiss, and thormused a publish were well understood. It remained, however, for William J. Buck, the author of the history of Montgomery county, to suggest their possibilities as producers of melody, and for Dr. J. J. Ott of Pleasant Valley to carry them ou.

Yesterday was the own-sion of the third annual plents of the Pleasant Valley Interny Association, and their ever case were held in the forest at the edge of the file Stony Jamidan, A number of lare rocks were selected from the many thousands and carried with great labor to the edge of the so-called garder, where it had been decided to hot the plent. They were carefully placed on wood supports and tested and arranged until In Ott had at his disposal a number of rocks which when struck emitted belief the tones running an octave and a fail. From the Philad Londs Times.

nariosen decided to for the plant. They were carefully placed on wood supports and tested and arranged until In. Oit had at his disposal a number of rocks which, when struck emitted belished tones running an octave and a half. Miss Emily A. B. yet recited a poon written by William J. Buck for the occasion, entitled "Chimes of ktony tancien. At the end of each stanca Dr. Ott. atmed with two heavy blacksmith's hamness rangine chimes on the cach stance Dr. Ott. amed with two heavy blacksmith's hommers, rang the chimes on the rocks. The tones produced were musical and remarkably clear. Intring the exercises which followed Dr. Ott and his musical rocks, accompanied by the band gave fro insut solections. The growning triumpli was when Dr. Ott played Little Anne Bosney' on the rocks with the band accommendment. Refere the exercises were clearly the benefits with the band accommendment. Refere the exercises were clearly the benefits a stream than exists over the rocks of the hig Stony fault in and with rocks and sto can been fault made the forest ring with the melody of the rocks. Others tried to investigate the mysterious disappearance of a little stream of water, which is swallowed up in the rocks only th is swallowed up in the rocks only

LETTERS OF REAL INTEREST.

Col. Ingersoll's Criticism of Mr. Curits's

Mistory. TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: Col. Ingersoli, in a late interview with a reporter of the Philadelphia Press, has indirectly impagned the correctness of my history of Mr. Webster's great speech against Hayne, given in the second volume of my Life of Webster. Col. ingersell's statements are: First that the steech which we read now is not in form. stor really delivered; second, that he had been for many years preparing this speech, and held it for the first occasion on which he could deupon suddenly to deliver it does not impair the force of what he (Col. Ingersoll) says; and fourth, that it was not extemporaneous,

1. I have conversed with Mr. Webster a great many times concerning the circumstances under which he made that celebrated speech, and of countless bazaars, the meets of the coaches: the kind and degree of preparation which he made for it. He always told me that it was

made for it. He always told me that it was most unexpected to him to have to reply to Harne on the doctrines of natification; and the account which I have given of the distory of the debate is the one which I received from him. I have also conversed with many of the great audience who heard the speech, and they all said that if there ever was. In the proper sense, an extemporaneous speech, that one was.

2. Mr. Joseph Gales senter cellor of the National Intringencer, the best stem grapher at that time in Washington, himself took down the speech in shorthand, as it was delivered, and afterward wrote it out. This draft was submitted to Mr. Webster before an authorized celliton of the speech was printed, and the best proof that the speech that was actually made in the Senate, is that it does not follow the order or treatment of the topics sketched in the only written preparation which Mr. Webster made, Mr. Gales pointed this out to me himself. Doubtless, in revising the speech, Mr. Webster changed some expressions, but he did not chings the form of the speech as Mr. Gales reported it.

3. When I was writing the life of Mr. Webster

Mr. Gales pointed this out to me aimself. Doubtless, in revising the success, Mr. Gales reported it.

3. When I was writing the life of Mr. Webster I had before me the only brief, or notes, that he sketched lurrically on the night before the speech was made. The whole was contained on three sheets of letter paper of the size in use at that day, and it did not exceed nine pages, loosely written. Some of the most elaborate passages in the speech as it was delivered were not indicated at all, and others were only suggested by a word or two.

4. In one sense, Mr. Webster had been making preparation for this speech all his life since he was a lad. He had been a great student of our constitutional history. He knew every phase of opinion and belief concerning the nature of the Constitution. From the time of its formation and adoption down to the time when he was suddenly called upon to encounter the doctrines of nuilification. He has somewhere said that he bought a copy of the Constitution, printed on a cotton handkerchief, when he was a boy, and that he had known more or less of it sever since. No man of his day was more thoroughly accurated with American political history than Mr. Webster was when he made this speech, Being fully equipped with this knowledge he was propared to produce it at any time; but this is the only sense in which he can be said to have made proparation for this speech, beyond the very imperiest and meager notes which he jointed down before he made it.

5. I do not know what Col. Ingersol's ideas of extemporaneous speaking are. No man who values his reputation, unless he be a professed improvisator, ever makes an impormant speech without praviously acquired knowledge of the subject. The Crown may or may not have been an extemporaneous speech. Being fully equipped with this knowledge he was propared to do extemporaneous speaking are. No man who values his reputation, unless he be a professed improvisator, ever makes an important speech without praviously acquired knowledge of the subject. The Cr

The New Light to Missourt.

To the Epiton or The Sun-Sir: A few days ago in the Republic I saw the following:

Binning and June 10.—The Hon. R. S. Taliferro of this only was Chairman of the Committee on Platform in the recent Democratic State Convention. The first plank of the platform was as follows:

"We result in our featly and unfaltering allegiance to the time knowed principles of the Damocratic party as promitigated by Jefferman, defended by Jackson, and maintained by Greeker Viewland."

Acopy of the Dafform was sent to Mr. Clevaland by the Republic I saw the following:

maintained by Grover Cleveland."

A copy of the platform was sent to Mr. Cleveland by Tariferro, and it was the foregoing plank that brought forth the following expression from the ex-President * * * Cot Tariferro is one of the leading Democratic politicians of the State, and will carry a solid Cleveland delegation to the next national Convention.

Not the least point of interest to me was the name of the sentieman, which came from Tarifargue a family the gentleman, which comes from Tagliaferro, a family of Italian Huguenots who came to Maryland and Visginia, and which water occurs in my family letters as intermatried with my maternal kins'ok. But it is of great concern that this gentieman is of ite great brothernood of the political some of Jofferson. I wish, therefore, to demur to the resolution as far as it relates to
Nr. these and. Bluntly Mr. the veland is a "good log".
The present Constitution was formed mainly for reneral
logistess advantages to add and lighten in our struggle
for existence. But what postar bus, church bugs, and
other desirmitive enfomological specimens are to agricuture, the sold bug destroics haif of the money of
the postar that sold bug destroics haif of the money of
the country, and money is to the business of the country
what son is to bank or blood to be rained.

Mr. theveland full to Chinese wall about the base of
the locky Monitarias from Mexicos to Landia, on which
is the legend. I knowledge when the Ended, on which
is the legend. I knowledge was a most in the Bid." For
which companies by drawn it might be expected he
with companies by drawn it might be expected he
with companies by drawn it might be expected he
of New York. But he utterly falled there.

Jefferson said that the circuition must be taken from
hanks and given to the Government, to whom it belongs. Glewiand saws take halt of it from the devenment in order that the banks may have the more. Mr.
Cleveland cannot even carry Moriana settled by Missourians, and since Rosco Conkling is dead be cannot
cerry New York. What is the use their Kupenan Tailferro, of your "sold the veland delogation"
Lexingros, Miss., June 10. great concern that this gentieman is of it e great brother

Is Agnosticism the Graveyard of Thought?

To the Entropy of The Sus -Sir the dister in The Sus beaded "Agnosticism" the writer attenues to draw an analogy between spiritual and posteral truth: but such comparison will not hold.

comparison will not hold.

Without discussing any terms, I wish merely to affirm
that agnosticism is not the graveyard of thought, as implied in this letter, and though the acrostic says " I do not know, there is no implication in this that he will cease investigation or shut his ears to the advanced thought of the day. He is merely await into alleane by the marvellous phenomena of creation life, and death He is not averee to any searching after truth or to the He is not avere to any searching after right or to the discovery of our relations with the spiritual world. He does not claim the does not claim t

Francis di Castro Wanted.

Francis di Castro Wanted.

To the Editor of The Sus—Sir Wall you kindly ald this post in tracing the whereabouts of Francis Henri di Castro, Third Lientenant of Company D. Sevencenth Regiment of New York Infantry, if living, and, if dead, some one of his family. Di Castro was enrolled June 8, 1892 and discherged at Jeterson Barracks, Missouri June 22, test his was a native of Calais France Very respectively. Suspension of Calais France Very respectively. George G. Mende Post, No. 7, G. A. E. Parrack, N. J., June 18.

The Feminine Shirt a Pact.

From the that a Globe. The shirt has come to stay.

A month ugo it was regarded as a whim of the season: how it is established in favor and counted an indispensable leature of a wellcounted an indiscensable leature of a well-diessed woman's wardroke. Herotofore Dr. Mary Walker had sole claims on the stiff shirt bosom.

Later came Mrs. Jononette Thurber in her tweed cutaway cost jauntily buttoned over a waisteen and solt-finished shirt, and from the date of American eners to the last gasp of the Italian school she remained the one devotes of the femining shirt in New York society.

Now all the tailor-made girls in fown are done up in stiff bosoms, standing collars, and long cuffs, and the old-catabilished shirtmakers have been called upon to make to measure the nother garment so long the undisputed property of men.

nother garment so long the undisputed properly of men.

The result is a lady's shirt as an ug fitting as a give and as comfortable as a fichu, which under the lightest faller made bodies does not show a crease. By means of darts the usual barginess at the sides is done away with, and led for the drawstrings at the waist might be appropriated by the nich.

The most recent developments, as adapted for ladies' wear, is the washing slik in twills of the neatest design. They are made to fit the tip linen ones, have a band down the front, and a stiff collar, with another to turn down over it. for it.

Terhina the comfort as well as the launties of these shirts forms their chief recommendation: they allow period freedom of
ventent they are cool, and always look next

and nest, are they seen on the promenade, under rachting, tennis, and cycling tackets, but under well-fluing riding conts they are decidedly smart.

From all appearances society has adopted the shirt as a lashionable and feminine garment.